

Prove Your Patriotism

Don't talk patriotism—show it. Prove your patriotism by "Signing the Pledge" to save and invest your savings in War Savings Stamps on June 28th, National War Savings Day.

Your government has officially set Friday, June 28th, as National War Savings Day. Every loyal American will be summoned to "show his patriotism by pledging himself to invest a definite amount in War Savings Stamps."

National War Savings Committee.

This space patriotically contributed to the winning of the war by

D. J. Luby & Co.

We are in the market for Hides, Rags, Iron and all kinds of junk. We are paying the highest market prices. Come and try us. Both phones.

S. W. Rotstein Iron Co.
80 N. River St.

Phone 1030. Rock Co. 1240 Red.

Geo. T. Packard
Plano Tuner and Player Regulator,
Janesville, Wis.
Recommended by all music dealers
and leading music houses.

SPECIAL

JUST
LIKE
NEW
SHINE
HOTEL
PARLOR

It's a badge of honor this season to wear a hat that is not worn out. Economy is a national necessity.

WE CLEAN, BLOCK AND REBUILD HATS FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

We guarantee satisfaction.

**Reasonable Rates
Dependable
Goodrich
Service**



**The Thrift Way
Via
Goodrich
Steamers**

Go this fascinating way—the water way, the cool way, the quick way, the money saving way.

**Goodrich \$26.00
Mackinac Cruise** Music and
3-Day Lake Outing Friday 4:30 p. m.

See scenic Wisconsin shoreline; picturesque Green Bay, Washington Island and its wild scenic grandeur and beautiful Mackinac Isle.

**TE GRAND HAVEN—Spring Lake—Daily 7:45 p. m.
To MUSKEGO—Daily 7:45 p. m.—10 a. m.
To WHITE LAKE—8 a. m. Fr. \$3.50 Sat. \$3.00. Mon.**

Connections with trains and interurbans. Autobuses and ferries.

Write for Free Vacation Guides
"Michigan-Wisconsin Resorts"
"Resorts and Trips."

**GOODRICH
STEAMSHIP
LINES**
F. R. ROBBINS, G. F. A.
CHICAGO
City Office: 58 W. Adams St.
DOCKS: Foot Michigan Ave.
SEE LOCAL RAILROAD
TICKET AGENT

Geo. A. Jacobs, Local Agent,
17 So. Main St. Janesville, Wis.

We are paying the highest prices for Rags, Scrap Iron, Papers, Hides and all kinds of junk. We have two yards.

The Cohen Bros.
New Yard, 223 N. Bluff, Bell 206.
Old Yard, 292 Park St. R. C. 902
Black; Bell, 1309.

Straw Hat is Modern.
Headwear made of straw was in use among the ancient Greeks, but straw hats as worn did not come into use in Europe until about half a century ago.

"The Obligations of Wealth." No matter if one has one million dollars, if he is able-bodied he ought to perform some useful service somewhere, or keep away from the table when the dinner bell rings.—Houston Post.

One of the most carefully read pages of the Gazette is the Classifieds. In fact everybody reads it. Advertisers will do well to remember this and use that page often.



EATING CORN SAVES WHEAT and says **Bobby POST TOASTIES** ARE MADE OF CORN

John Youngclaus, R. 1, 4½ miles east of Janesville on Ruger Ave. wants experienced married or single man by year. Top wages.

WANTS MAN AT ONCE

John Youngclaus, R. 1, 4½ miles east of Janesville on Ruger Ave. wants experienced married or single man by year. Top wages.

WHEN CHILDREN CRY OUT

And are feverish and don't sleep well, are constipated and have symptoms of worms, mothers will find quick relief in Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, the standard for over 20 years. They cleanse the stomach, act gently on the bowels and break up colds. Relieve headaches and settling disorders. We have 10,000 testimonials. Your druggist will be glad to get Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, etc.

slow to sell at \$12 to \$13.25. Receipts included a consignment of Idaho range lambs that sold at \$15.15 and had little competition from outside sources.

BEST hogs sold at \$16.60, against a top of \$16.70 a week ago. Most of the light and medium weight hogs will sell at \$16.25 to \$16.50 with the good heavy hogs at \$16 to \$16.45. Mixed packing sold at \$16.75 to \$16.15.

Quotations:

Shorn Ewes \$11.00 @ 12.50
Shorn wethers 12.00 @ 14.00
Shorn lambs 14.00 @ 15.00
Shorn lambs 16.00 @ 17.00
Shorn lambs 16.00 @ 18.50

WAR STAMP CAMPAIGN COMMITTEES TO MEET

Committees for War Savings Stamp campaign will meet on Monday at headquarters at 5 North Main street. The Woman's committee will meet at ten o'clock on Monday morning instead of on Tuesday as heretofore published.

A special ruling has been made providing that corporations may own \$1,000 in War Savings Stamps.

Lost and found articles quickly find their owner by use of a little classified ad.

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BEST hogs sold at \$16.60, against a top of \$16.7

BUY W.S.S. HERE



Line Up and Sign Up on June 28th

ENLIST as a war saver in the great "army that stays at home"—the *second line* of defense behind our boys in the first line trenches.

The government has officially set Friday, June 28th, as

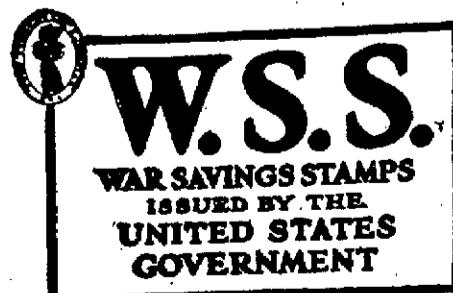
National War Savings Day

BE ready to step forward on that day and prove your patriotism. Don't wait to be summoned to "sign the pledge"—arrange now to invest in a definite amount of War Savings Stamps each month during 1918.

*W. S. S. Cost \$4.17 in June
Worth \$5.00 Jan. 1st, 1923*

Be Ready to Go the Limit—Line Up and Sign Up on June 28th

National War Savings Committee



This Space Contributed for the Winning of the War by

**Bower City Bank
First National Bank
Merchants & Savings Bank
Rock County National Bank**

Acknowledged by A. E. Matheson, chairman W. S. S. Publicity Committee.

The Janesville Daily Gazette

200-204 East Milwaukee St.

Entered at the Postoffice at Janesville, Wisconsin, as Second-class Mail Matter.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS.

BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

You it makes a heap of difference,
Since the boy has gone away?
Time drags by so slow, like it was
One whole tortoise in the day.
Sometimes I have caught her mother
Lookin' up at the road like she
Was a-followin' to that country
Where she knows her boy must be.

And a dozen times I've halted,
Half a-fancyin' I hear him say,
John a-talking to the horses,
Or his quiet little drawing near.
Bunty, how the yearling colts
Doesn't frisk about so gay;
Even Ben and Bill the roadsters
Seem more slow since John's away.

But there's somethin' else that's different,
Since the boy has gone away;
Used to be we weren't much caring
'Bout the big world's need, nor for
All those people over yonder,
Foreigners, we called 'em all—
Russians, English, French, Italian,
Had small use for 'em at all.

But now, well, since John's among 'em;
Seems we're in a bigger place,
And they're just our friends and neighbors,
That we're meetin' face to face.
Brotherhood, I guess you call it,
Well, it's come to me and me,
Till we're eager for the welfare
Of those folks across the sea.

And our country, well I'll tell you,
Somethin' grips our hearts so strong,
When we think of Uncle Sam,
Fightin' there against the wrong,
That we're glad, though we're in sorrow,
Glad our boy can do his best,
And we're hoping, working, prayin',
Leaving with the Lord the rest.

—Helen M. Wilson.

The sentiment expressed in this little poem, grips the hearts of fathers and mothers in many American homes today for it has come to be a fact that the family circles not broken, are the exception, and not the rule. Our army—two million strong in the field and in the making—is a young man's army, composed of boys from every nook and corner of the land. The nation has given freely of its best blood for active service at the front, and while it comes to the boys as a rude awakening they respond quickly to the call of duty and are making good.

That these boys should be sadly missed in the old home is the most natural thing in the world, but however strong the attachment, no effort is made to discourage their going, because the call of duty is imperative, and the sacrifice demanded is met with heroism. That a boy should occasionally give way to homesickness is not at all surprising. A lad from Alabama, off on a two days' furlough, skipped out for home, two hundred miles away, and spent a week reveling in the old surroundings. Then his father said to him: "John, you don't intend to be a deserter?" and the boy said "No! Sure I don't! And I am going back tomorrow, but I sure wanted to see you all and so I came home."

A day or two later he showed up at camp and faced a court martial for desertion. When questioned by the officers he said: "I am not a deserter, but I was simply so dead homesick that I had to go back and see my father and mother, for I was never away from them before, but I am not a deserter. I came back of my own accord, and will be on the job till this war is over. What else could I do when I got so homesick?"

Some branches of the service appeal to the boys very strongly. The ranks of the navy are filled with young men who have barely reached their majority, and the aviation camps are crowded with boys in training. Irvin Cobb, who is now behind the lines in France, writes about spending a night at an aviation field close to the front where some sixty noted airmen were present. He said they were the brightest lot of boys that he ever met, and the average age was only twenty-two and one-half years.

These are the boys who don't know what fear means. They call them "blue devils" and "fate devils." Many of them wear the title of "ace" because they have brought down five or more Boche machines. The prediction was made, a time ago, that the war would finally be won in the air. When the American fleet of airplanes is ready for service—and it is being rapidly assembled—Germany will have a wholesome respect for the Yankee in the clouds, for our boys will be there and on the job every minute.

The news, which comes to us from across the water is so full of praise and commendation for the bravery and ability of the American army that we are inclined to be a bit conceited. We are apt to forget that our allies at the front have had four years of the most grueling warfare ever experienced. The flower of these nations has gone, but the scarred veterans have held the line, with their backs to the wall until we could come to the rescue and fill the gap with the best blood of the nation, and thank God we are in time.

Some one said, not long ago, that the old world had had two years of war and two years of digging in, and the statement is true. Some of the German caverns, thirty feet under ground, were large enough to accommodate one thousand men. They were furnished with billiard tables, pianos and all kinds of games, and were most attractive winter quarters. When the German army "turns tail," and starts for home, the men will be too busy to spend much time burrowing in the ground for protection. With the aid that our American boys can give to the allies, Germany will be kept on the move.

The American boy is resourceful. He possesses initiative in large degree. These characteristics he carries with him as a soldier to the front, and Germany has already discovered that he is liable to bob up where least expected. Back of the boy is a nation which has no rival in resourcefulness and the brain and wealth of this great nation is committed to winning this war. We may lack the "kultur" of Germany—and the Lord knows we don't want it—but what we lack in devilish instinct and hellish barbarity is more than made up in the spirit of humanity which seeks the betterment of all mankind.

This is the thought expressed by the author of the little poem. The thought which hallows sorrow and lightens sadness when our boys leave us to fight against the wrong. The brotherhood of man has never meant much to us until now. We have hardly been on speaking terms with our own people. So busy chasing phantoms, and so engrossed in the pursuit, that we were fast coming to believe that the race of life was every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. Germany regarded us as a nation of joy-riders and spenders, not to be feared because too frivolous to be in earnest. Fun-loving, easy-going people, who didn't know how to fight, and who couldn't be taught.

But the war "jarred us loose," woke us up, and converted us in a day from a pleasure-seeking to a serious-minded people. We have gone into it with the same intensity that we tackle everything else—not saying much about what we propose to do, but doing it. The people who accomplish things for themselves, or for the community in which they live, are people with a vision. The American nation today is inspired by a vision. The canopy which has covered it has been enlarged until it takes in the world with all its struggling masses, and the hand outstretched is a helping hand, recognizing in fact, as well as in name, a common brotherhood. Our boys are in the war to save the world from barbarism and serfdom, and we must back them to the limit.

When the war is over the boundary lines of nations will be imaginary, so far as the interests of humanity are concerned. No

less creeds, perhaps, but a broader charity. The world's great charnel-house has bridged the chasms which have long existed and the heroes of every battlefield, as well as the fortitude of millions of sufferers at home, is a tribute to a universal faith which is most sublime.

There is so much ignorance concerning the campaign now on for War Savings Stamps, that too much can not be said by way of enlightenment. The government is asking us to invest two billion dollars less what has already been invested in Thrift stamps. This demand was unexpected, and is so much of a surprise that many people are asking "Why?"

The facts plainly stated are simply these: Some months ago the government asked the people to invest two billion dollars in Thrift stamps and a New York banker volunteered to conduct the campaign, but he fell down on the job, and now the government is obliged to take it up, which it has done through the War Savings Stamp. This amount would have been added to one of the Liberty Loan issues but for the expectation of raising it through the sale of Thrift stamps.

The War Savings Stamp is a short time government note for five dollars, face value, due in five years and sold at a discount which represents a good rate of interest. It matters not what we call it—taxes, Liberty Loans, Savings Stamps, or what not. The government must have the money to carry on our war and you and I must help to furnish it. Let us do it cheerfully for the success of our boys over there depends upon the backing we give them. "Every load is light when we all get under it." Rock county's share in the War Savings Stamp campaign is one and a half million dollars. We can put it over the top in short order if we will.

Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest.

THE MEN WHO SAY "YES"

It's easy enough to say "no," when you're asked to carry a little bit more.

"No" is an easy response to the man who begs for a dime at your door.

"No" is the first word that springs to your lips when your shoulders are heavy with care.

And somebody needs you to help in a cause which means extra burden to bear.

But this is a time when there's need for us all when sacrifice calls more or less.

And the man that's worth while is the man of affairs who isn't afraid to say "yes."

Excuses are easy to find in this world, but this is life's curious plan.

That man never knows just how much he can do or when he has done all he can.

The biggest toller may do something more and often we find that he will.

He manages somehow the minutes of life with some useful service to fill.

For not by the deeds that you've already done will men know the courage of your soul.

The tasks of tomorrow are asking you now, how much are you willing to do?

Can you say that you've given enough to the cause if still you hate something to give?

Can you answer them "no," when you're asked to do more than honor and freedom shall live?

It is hard to say "yes" when you're weary and faint with the burdens your shoulders must bear.

And "no" is the easier answer to make, when you think you are doing your share.

But give more and do more and take on the tasks that are born of a world in distress.

When you're asked to assist do not smugly say "no," be one of the men to say "yes."

Strive to Keep Soul Youthful.

My body's old, but that's not my fault. I'm not to blame for an old body, but I would be to blame for an old soul. An old soul is a shameful thing!—Margaret Deland.

Bargains in most everything are listed in the classified columns.

E. B. LOOFBORO, D. D. S.

Pyorrhea and Oral Prophylaxis
(Preventive Dentistry) a specialty.

500 Jackman Block. Both Phones.

Rock Co., 716.

Main Street at Number Sixteen South.

Merchants of Fine Clothes.

R. M. Bostwick & Son

ECONOMY
is the
watchword

MEN! Mr. McAdoo says wear PATCHES on your PANTS!

When he says that, he means for us to PUT THE EMERGENCY BRAKES on extravagance—and to brush up, CLEAN UP and PRESS UP more times than ONE before retiring the old suit.

Women! There's a very good GOWN on a hook in the closet that requires only a touch of a thrifty HAND, and a telephone call to US, to make it serve you ANOTHER SUMMER.

And there are LITTLE FOLKS' CLOTHES in every home that respond to the magic handling of our CLEANERS and MENDERS—and save you a few dollars for BONDS or THRIFT STAMPS!

Then there are CURTAINS, and CUSHIONS, and all sorts of odds and ends kicking about the house, that are PLENTY GOOD ENOUGH if only they were CLEANED and SMOOTHED OUT, which WE are prepared to DO up on SHORT NOTICE, and at decidedly MODERATE COST!

Our Faultless Dry Cleaning Fills a Need of the Times—Call the Wagon Today!

We Call For and Deliver All Goods

Brockhaus & Son

Janesville Steam Dye Works.

109 E. Milwaukee St.

Ashore for a Day. For three weeks it had rained continually, so in a certain camp on the Mexican border they had dug a deep ditch around their camp to drain off the water. One night the rain stopped its downpour, much to the relief of the soldiers, so the next day a soldier asked for leave to visit a nearby town. This is the way he asked for his leave: "Captain, may I have shore leave today, sir?" It was granted him.

Marjorie's Good Wishes. Marjorie's father was away on a journey, and Marjorie deemed it her duty to send him a bulletin as to home affairs. After the expenditure of much labor and ink she produced the following paragraph: "My Dear Daddy—Mother's well. I am very well. The baby is very well, and has a lot more sense now. Hoping you are the same."

Friday, June 28th, National War Savings Day

On June 28th, every American will be summoned to enlist in the great "army that stays at home." On that day every loyal American should sign the pledge to invest a definite amount in War Savings Stamps each month during 1918.

W. S. S. cost \$4.17 in June

Worth \$5.00 January

1st, 1923.

This space contributed to the winning of the war by

GOLD-STABECK CO.

INVESTMENT BANKERS
15 W. Main St., Janesville, Wis.
C. J. Stabek, Mgr.

Rehberg's

Palm Beach and
Kool Kloth Suits

These excellent warm weather suits are shown now in great variety at \$12.50 to \$15.00

The Cat

A Japanese schoolboy was told to write a short composition on the cat. After deep thought he handed this in: "The cat is little cattle. When she sees a rat she illuminate her eye."

Postponement

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with fresh duties at its back—Kingsley.

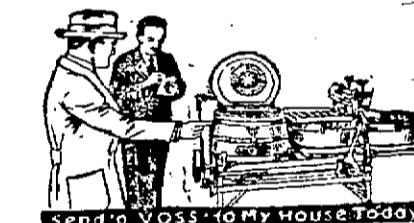
The Grand Hotel
Serves a Delicious
Sunday Dinner
for 60c

Bring your films to us.

Best work.

Quick service.

Films left before 10 o'clock ready the next morning at noon.

RED CROSS
PHARMACYFREEDOM
For The Housewife from Washday Drudgery
VOSS WASHERS

with the PLUNGING VACUUM DASHERS, do all the washing; the wringer with the VOSS DOUBLE WRINGER CONTROL does all the wringing. You are relieved of all the work.

Come in and look at them.

Sheldon Hardware Co.

We Sell the Best and
Cheapest Life Insurance
Issued By Any Company

Insure today lest you get in such physical condition you will be unable to secure a policy.

C. P. BEERS

AGENT

16 East Milwaukee St.
Ground Floor, Hayes Block

BOTH PHONES



When you think of insurance think of C. P. Beers.

Why Not Open That Savings Account Tonight

This bank will be open tonight for the convenience of our customers. If you have no savings account with us this is your opportunity.

3% On Savings.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ESTABLISHED 1855.

Now Is The Time To Learn THRIFT

Once a nation learns to economize and practice thrift as this nation is now learning, there will be no limit to its credit.

The same is true of an individual. Become a saver now. Buy War Savings Stamps and start that bank account too.

Merchants & Savings Bank

The Oldest Savings Bank in Rock County.

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Municipal Railroad Corporation

Bonds

We will gladly send information on any securities and give quotations.

W. M. PRINDLE & CO.

Duluth, Minn.

EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION OPENS

ANNUAL MEETING OF JAMESVILLE DISTRICT OF EPWORTH LEAGUE OPEN AT METHODIST CHURCH THIS MORNING.

AUTO RIDE ABOUT CITY

Delegates Will Be Given Motor Ride to Points of Interest in City Including Blind Institute and Frances Willard School.

About 100 young people are guests of the local society of the Epworth League at the Methodist Church this morning. The program has been arranged for an auto tour and instruction during today and tomorrow. The whole ending with a Union Church service with an address by Rev. A. W. Triggs of Ft. Atkinson. The society takes in the young people of high school age, and delegates have registered from Whitewater, Evansville, Stoughton, Lyons, Delavan, Atkinson, Clinton, Sparta, Beloit, Darlington, Elkhorn, Edgerton and other places in the county.

Delegates will be given motor ride to points of interest in the city including the Blind Institute and Frances Willard School.

Mrs. James Dugdale of Platteville is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. White, 101 N. Pearl street.

Mrs. John Cunningham of South Bluff street and Mrs. D. D. Manross of Oakland avenue were among the visitors that attended the graduating exercises at the Wisconsin University this week.

Mrs. Belle Mica of West Milwaukee street has returned from a visit with relatives in Moline, Ill.

Russell McCabe of Harvard, Ill., is a business visitor in town today.

H. L. Gandy of Marlow, Ill., is spending a part of the week in Janesville.

Edward Atwood of Minneapolis is spending several days in town at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Atwood of South Jackson street.

A. F. Wood of Milton avenue is home from a business trip to spend the week end with his family.

Mr. Russell Davis and children are in the city from Philadelphia. They will spend the most of the summer at the home of Mrs. Davis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Spooner of Washington street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ryan, Mrs. Daniel Ryan and Miss Nancy Ryan are home from a Madison visit where they went to attend the graduating exercises at the Wisconsin University, where Miss Genevieve Ryan graduated from the college of letters and graduate school of music, science and liberal arts. Miss Ryan will spend the summer vacation in Janesville. In the fall she will take a position in the high school at Hibbing, Minn.

Ira Crandall of Milton was a business caller in town on Friday. James O'Rourke and N. Albertson of Milwaukee motored to Janesville this week and spent a few days with friends.

Mrs. H. J. Shultz of Fond du Lac is spending the day in Janesville.

Mrs. Arthur Little and children, Mrs. J. E. Gokee and daughter Hazel, Mrs. McCann of Chicago, Miss E. Donning, Miss S. Radigan drove to Milwaukee last night to attend a recital given by Miss E. J. Fitzgerald of Janesville and Miss Seaver of Beloit.

Mrs. M. Little and Miss Hazel Gokee took part in the program giving several dances.

Emery Volkert of Linn street, left Saturday for Fort Benjamin Harrison where he entered the services of the United States as a railroad brakeman.

Mrs. A. Knipp returned today from a ten days visit at Chippewa Falls.

On-Town Visitors.

Miss Louise Larkins of Merrill, Wis., has returned home. She has been the guest for several days of Miss Louise Nowlan of St. Lawrence avenue.

Miss Halle Weaver who has been spending the week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Wood on Milton avenue, has returned home.

Mrs. Harry Wemple of La Vista flats is spending several days in Madison, here she was called by the illness of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gage who have been the guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. John Terry of 1008 Clark street, returned home today.

Mrs. C. T. Drummond and her nephew, Mathew Walter Graf of South Cherry street, left on Friday for Campuster, and who expects soon to return for over six weeks.

M. R. Nash of Whitewater has returned. He spent a few days this week in town on business.

Miss Florence Murdoch and Miss Bertha Christensen who have been teachers in the public schools of Janesville the past year left for their homes in Racine on Friday.

Mrs. S. S. A. Sordahl of Washington street were Cookeville visitors this week. They went to attend the Old Settlers' reunion held there on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. I. Hutchinson and daughter Lucile of 906 Milwaukee avenue are spending a few days at Lake Kegonsa.

Mrs. Edward Wollin of Western Avenue left on Friday for Battle Creek, Mich., to visit her brother Maurice Blitsos, who is a Camp Custer and who expects to soon leave for France.

Mrs. H. D. Boyd of Chicago who has been the guest of her sister and brother Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Koch of Jefferson Avenue, has returned home.

Mrs. E. Walsh of South Main street has gone to Rockford where she will spend several days with friends.

Miss Carrie Zeininger of 327 Milton avenue will go to Madison on Monday where she will attend summer school. She expects to be gone about six weeks.

Miss Neille McCue of Milwaukee has returned. She has been visiting during the past week at the J. J. Sheridan home on South Jackson street.

Social.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Jackman of East street gave a family dinner on Friday evening. Covers were laid for eleven.

The affair was given for Mr. and Mrs. William Wheeler and Mrs. David Jaffre of Chicago.

The third game of golf was played on Friday at the Country club. Mrs. Frank Farnsworth and Mrs. H. E. McFay were the winners. The revenue of the game is turned over to the Red Cross with the exception of one ball, which has been donated by Mrs. Mark Hostick. The ladies all went out to lunch at which twelve were served, at one o'clock.

The Riverview Park ladies met on Thursday for Red Cross work at their Clark street rooms. In the evening they have been making garments for the refugee children. If material can be procured for pajama suits and hospital gowns they will continue their work during the summer on Mondays and Thursdays.

The Women's Relief Corps went to the Red Cross work rooms on Friday to sew on garments for the soldiers. They will soon help out of the French convalescent cases which are made of dark material cloth with the jacket lined with white outing flannel. This will be new and interesting work to take up.

Every effort has been put forth to make this program a success and each party is being thoroughly trained under the direction of Josephine Fitzgerald.

There will be a matinee and evening performance. Admission 20c.

See the Big Play "Captain of Plymouth" at Myers Theatre Monday and Tuesday, presented by the members of the high school, for benefit of the High School Cadets and Belgian Relief fund.

PERSONAL MENTION

Roy Navook is seriously ill with heart trouble at his home 208 Park avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tucker and Miss Racine Tucker of Chicago motored up on Friday. They will be the weekend guests at the home of Mrs. Isaac, 1825 Franklin avenue.

Fred Schmitz of Beloit was a Friday business visitor in this city.

The out of town people that came to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. William Nichols were: Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk White, Oconomowoc, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vance of Beloit, Mr. Fred Hackett, Madison, S. Dakota.

Miss Grace Wright, a former resident of Janesville who now makes her home in Duluth, Minn., where she is teaching in the public schools, is spending a part of her vacation in town with relatives.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Koch of Jefferson Avenue, who desire to join the navy.

Mr. Brecht will be at the post office all day Tuesday and the statement in this city requested that all young men in the city who are desirous of entering the navy to see him while he is here.

He stated that the men who are desirous of entering will be sent to Milwaukee for enrollment and then returned to Janesville to await their call.

Follow the crowd to the Captain of Plymouth Monday night at Myers Theatre given by members of the High school for the benefit of High School Cadets and the Belgian Relief fund.

FAREWELL SURPRISE PARTY LAST EVENING

Mrs. J. Sharp, who will leave for Eau Claire soon to join her husband, was the guest of honor at a farewell surprise party given by members of the F. G. Club at the home of Mrs. C. S. A. Sordahl of Oak Hill avenue, yesterday afternoon.

Cards were played and the prizes were won by Mrs. Charles Arthur and Mrs. L. Williams.

Mrs. Sharp was presented with a remembrance purse as a token of remembrance.

LOCAL GROCERY FIRM CHANGES ITS NAME

Articles for the change of name of the Day, Scarlett & Lee company to the Day & Scarlett company were filed with Register of Deeds F. P. Smiley this morning.

LAKOTA CLUB MEMBERS ENJOY SUPPER

Members of the Lakota club will enjoy a simple supper at Charley Bluff, Lake Koshkonong at seven o'clock this evening. Several autobots left the clubrooms early this afternoon while others did not get started until nearly four o'clock.

Don't miss the big amateur play at the Myers Theatre Monday and Tuesday. Prices: Evenings, 25c, 50c and 75c.

to take anyone's name and supply them with the cash needed. Other church services in time might arrange to help out in this work.

Ladies' club met this afternoon at the Country club. They went out at half past two and played bridge and a sum of money was paid in to the Red Cross. At six o'clock a dinner was served on the porch. The club meet every two weeks during the summer at the Country club and the money they have handed in to the Red Cross headquarters helps to buy material to make into garments for the soldiers.

REGULAR MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Held in Temporary Headquarters of Chamber of Commerce Last Evening—\$85.24 Given to Local

A meeting of the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce was held at the temporary headquarters of the organization at eight o'clock last evening. The regular routine of work such as allowing bills was gone over.

An announcement was made at the meeting that the sum of \$85.24 was turned over to the Red Cross, the money of which was derived from the entertainment that was given the soldiers when they passed through Janesville enroute to Camp Grant from Sparta. The expense of the band was paid entirely by the Chamber of Commerce.

Several more applications for the position of secretary have been received and Charles W. Ward of Tamaqua, N. Y., is coming to Janesville on Monday to interview the men and women who desire to fill the position.

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Mr. Russell Davis and children are in the city from Philadelphia. They will spend the most of the summer at the home of Mrs. Davis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Spooner of Washington street.

Don't forget to see the big amateur play at the Myers Theatre Monday and Tuesday. Prices: Evenings, 25c, 50c and 75c.

LOCAL YOUNG LADIES APPEAR ON BELOIT PROGRAM

Miss E. Josephine Fitzgerald of this city starred a patriotic play in Beloit last evening which was highly successful. Two of Miss Fitzgerald's pupils, Misses Madge Little and Hazel Gokee, appeared on the program in national dances.

Miss Gokee appeared in two numbers, the Russian solo and the patriotic dance. Miss Little also gave two numbers. Her interpretation of the sword dance was well received. As an encore she gave the French can-can.

These young ladies will appear on the program at the Apollo theatre next Wednesday evening at a home talent to be given for the Belgian relief.

NAVAL RECRUITING OFFICER WILL BE HERE TUESDAY

Navy Recruiting Officer ...

H. Brecht Chief Master of Arms of the United States Navy will be in the city on Tuesday for the purpose of recruiting the young men of Janesville who desire to join the navy.

Mr. Brecht will be at the post office all day Tuesday and the statement in this city requested that all young men in the city who are desirous of entering the navy to see him while he is here.

He stated that the men who are desirous of entering will be sent to Milwaukee for enrollment and then returned to Janes

Heart and Home Problems

BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON

LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED TO MRS. THOMPSON, IN CARE OF THE GAZETTE

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a she does not care for him particularly. young girl and when I am out with my other girls they are always talking about their soldier friends and the boys. The letters they write to the boys. I have often heard how the soldiers crave for mail and news from home and would willingly endeavor to have some soldier, but as have no personal friend in the service I cannot write.

Could you please advise me?

DOROTHY B.

Get the name of some soldier who would like to have letters from the Y. M. C. A. *

Dear Mrs. Thompson: We are two girls fifteen years old and we are going to a boarding school in September. I would like to have you name some good boarding school with reasonable prices.

SCHOOL GIRLS.

Private schools advertise in the front of several magazines. Write to different schools and think over their expenses, stating their tuition and expenses for board and room. It might also be satisfactory to talk to the principal of the school you have been attending.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a married woman. I live in a small house and set out by myself most of the time. When my husband comes he is nearly always drunk. Ought I to punish him when he comes in or let on I do not see him?

RESPONDENT WIFE.

Do not strike him, because it might make him vicious. If he is unkind to you report it to the police or leave him until he stops drinking.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: If a boy takes a girl around a good deal and that girl gives a party, is it necessary that the girl should ask this fellow if

Observations of a War Horse

by ESTELLE LAWTON LINDSEY

My Dear Sister:

Alberta sat down with an air that said as plain as words, "I am as happy as anybody could possibly be under the circumstances."

It was great, no doubt, that such an air is a bit disconcerting when it comes about a brand-new bride, especially one who had wanted intensely to be a bride for so long these many days.

"Where's Noble?" I inquired by way of introducing an agreeable topic of conversation.

"Gone to the office," replied Alberta. "He's married to that office. He's been taking only a week off for his wedding trip."

I suggested the possibility that he could get no more leave.

"Oh, yes he could," was her retort. "He has another week coming, but he wants to keep it for a fishing trip into the mountains later in the summer. It seems he enjoys the society of fish more than the society of his bride."

The remark was so unbecoming, so pretty, that I looked with surprise. Here was the first breath of a wind that boded ill for the matrimonial bark. I remembered with misgiving how Alberta had been spoiled by her family. Was her husband condemned to keep up that spoiling as the price of his happiness? I thought of his kind, patient, whole-hearted nature and longed to do something to set Alberta on the right path. I more than suspected that she had married him for a matter of convenience after jolting herself into thinking she was moved by love. I'd seen it done before at Alberta's age, and with her limited outlook on life's problems, it takes a big woman to refuse to compromise with the and a bigger one to make the substitute pay a hard price for being a substitute instead of the real thing. We all hate "something just as good" whether we admit it or not.

I've known a few women who took such as a last resort and spent the rest of their lives trying to make up to the men for marrying them instead of being old maid. But Alberta is not one of those women. She has married the nicest kind of man and doesn't know it, because her family

have always taught her that the only possible match that was good enough for her was with a Crown Prince—that, of course, was before the German Crown Prince brought his crown princely into public display.

While I was thinking all this Alberta was sitting tapping her foot on the floor. She would have looked very pretty if she had been in a good humor. Finally my last patient was gone and I put on my hat and coat and joined Alberta.

"Where do we go first?" I asked; "to the furniture store?"

"No," said Alberta. "Sit down a minute, doctor. I want to talk to you."

"What's the trouble?" I asked, seating myself next to the table.

"The trouble is that Noble wants to keep house and I want to live in an apartment."

"Did you ever live in an apartment?" I inquired.

"No, never. Now I didn't. I've always lived at home with the folks, but Frances wants neither to come to Chicago and live with her now, so we can't live at home."

"That's lucky, anyhow," I exclaimed.

"I don't know why," retorted Alberta, easily. "Mother's a beautiful housekeeper, and I wouldn't have a thing to do."

"Except to sit around and mope and have imaginary diseases," I amended.

"Alberta, I think Noble is right. All young married people ought to begin at once making a home. It's the only way to be happy."

"That's an old notion," said Alberta.

"It's one old notion—that is good," I told her. "Apartments are full of gossip and idle women and perpetual itinerants. If I were you I'd try the home of the real thing. We all hate 'something just as good' whether we admit it or not."

A better friend accuses me of trying to lead my women readers astray.

She bases her accusation on a little I wrote about the masculine idea that it is disagreeable for a woman to try to prove that she was right in an argument, but perfectly natural for a man to do the same.

She says that I shouldn't say that women have the same right as men to say "I told you so," because men don't like women who do that sort of thing, and if any women readers try to do it, they will antagonize their husbands.

"And surely," she continues, "domestic harmony is worth more than always insisting on your rights."

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON

Leading Wives Astray.

Men Prefer Harmony to Justice.

That, too, depends, (as I said about the matter of saying "I told you so") on the point of view. Men never, in any doubt that domestic harmony is much better than justice, and therefore may expect their wives to give up asking for justice and be satisfied with a harmony produced by the use of tact on their (the woman's) part.

Women on the other hand sometimes have doubts about the supreme value of that particular kind of harmony.

Men Always Believe in the Use of Fact—By Women.

It isn't because they don't know that they can keep peace by giving

EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE



HEALTH TALKS

BY WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED TO DR. BRADY, IN CARE OF THE GAZETTE

Appetite versus Hunger

Appetite: food tempting, seductive, the bane of the corpulent. An urge to eat, it is natural to sit down and eat, albeit even when you are not hungry. The craving of appetite is largely artificial, the result of habit and social custom. The urge of hunger is a natural physiological process, a call for something for the stomach to contract on.

Hunger contraction begins as soon as the stomach is empty and continues until something is put in the stomach, day and night, until the contraction is relieved or stopped by a meal.

A man suffering the pangs of hunger may dispense with his hunger contractions by smoking. A brief smoke will distract him. Therefore, the skinny, scraggly youth must get along with his cigarette if he hopes to accomplish the difficult feat of growing tall and thick at the same time.

A rapidly growing and naturally demands rather more food than his full grown man, an it is certainly a serious mistake for such a boy to interfere with Nature's plan by using a drug which upsets the plan even temporarily.

B. H.: On accompanying a young lady into an ice cream parlor, a young man who was very nervous and nervous intensity, the Russians have recaptured Blackabashlock and Dizzenwizle, the Germans have taken the Skowegian Pass and the French hold Spoochua, Dingdangit and Velput."

And with nervous nervousness and intense intensity the Germans and English pounced into his war map, which spread out on the table, represented the eastern and western theaters of war, and the orchestra circle, and already contained 876 pins.

"Canton" called him, "Come and get the ball immediately."

With a start, Swift threw the war map on a chair, where it landed map

The Daily Noveltie

SNIFF'S RISE.

(By the author of "Corn on the Cob," "Worth Two in the Bush," "Six Wasted Blocks, or When She Lifted Her Veil She Was Colorful," "Eliza Skobitz," "The Venteburgs," "The Mosquito," "How Jukes Married to Escape Conscript," or "From the Frying Pan into the Fire," "All's Fair in Love and Gardening, or When You Return Me My Lawn Mower I'll Give You Your House," "Sandropoles," "W. Mump," etc., etc.)

"I'm a sniffer," mused Canton Swift, biting his nails with intense nervousness and nervous intensity. "The Russians have recaptured Blackabashlock and Dizzenwizle, the Germans have taken the Skowegian Pass and the French hold Spoochua, Dingdangit and Velput."

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With a start, Swift threw the war map on a chair, where it landed map

down and pins-up, and hurried and hurried to get the baby.

Who he returned and sat down on the chair.

The end.

Tiger Fond of the Water. Tigers are extremely fond of bathing. In a zoo, if a tub be provided, they will eagerly make use of it for bathing. They are brilliant swimmers, and in former days it was reckoned at Singapore that they were "a Chinaman a night" swimming across from the mainland to get him.

As Pure As The Lily. "Her complexion is as pure as a lily"—the beauty of her skin with its radiant purity.

white appearance is obtained thru the use of

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Send 10c for Trial Size

FRANK T. HOPKINS & SON New York

J. M. BOSTWICK & SONS.



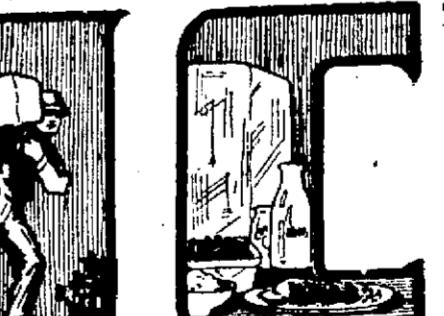
"A Lady So Richly Clad Is She, Beautiful, Exceedingly."

—Coleridge.
Corset Section, South Room

POORER PEOPLE OF AUSTRIA STARVING

LONDON, June 21.—Vienna newspapers are quoting a Socialist party manifesto to which it is declared workers and small officeholders in Austria are at their wits' end to maintain and exist because of the food situation in the monarchy, says a Central News dispatch from Amsterdam today.

In many Austrian towns the manifesto declared these classes are threatened with absolute famine, while similar conditions prevail in the Bohemian capital and in town in Galicia. The situation is declared to be terrible at these points, where the populace has not seen bread or potatoes for weeks.



Plenty of Ice for Janesville

We have a plentiful harvest of ice and can accommodate every housewife in the city.

Our wagons are now distributing ice in the wards every morning.

Coupon books are \$2.00 for 500-pound books and \$3.75 for 1,000-pound books; 25c discount for cash in ten days.

Phone your order and our driver will bring you a coupon book and an ice card for your window.

City Ice Company

Office at the People's Drug Co., Corner Main and Milwaukee Sts.

R. C. phone 275 Black.



REPROVED.

"Oh, you little boy to take those eggs out of the nest! Just think of the poor mother bird when she comes back."

"The mother bird's dead."

"How do you know that?"

"I see her on your hat."

WB. CORSETS

REDUSO
Back and Front Lace for stout figures make large hips disappear, bulky waistlines graceful, awkward bust-lines smaller, with "Old Corset" comfort. \$3.50 & \$5.00

NUFORM
Back and Front Lace for slender and average figures give Style, Comfort and Perfect Fit.

W. B. NUFORM \$1 to \$3.
Style 307 \$2.00

WEINGARTEN BROS., Inc., New York Chicago

PETEY DINK--IT'S NOT THE STYLE TO GO SWIMMING NOWADAYS, PETE.



The Light in the Clearing

A FALU OF THE NORTH COUNTRY IN THE TIME OF SIMS WRIGHT.

BR. IRVING BACHELIER

Author of *Eben Holden, Etc.*

Copyright, 1918. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Hello, Grinshaw," he said sternly.

"Step right in."

"I shall want to my heart—the number of the sheep so like the dim candle-light—the pale, frightened count who walked toward us. We shook his hand and he said that he was glad to see us. I saw the secret under his face and reaching out upon his cheek which my stony hand had摸ed, I knew that he bore the mark of Cain."

"He asked if he could see me alone and the sheriff shot his head and said sternly:

"Against the rules."

"Amos, I've a boy of my own and for you to come here, now and then, to show us up and bring ye some books to read. If there's any word of advice, I can give ye—let me know. Have we a lawyer?"

"There's one coming tomorrow."

"Don't say a word about the case, boy, to any one but your lawyer—mind that."

We left him and went to our home and house. I to spend half the night thinking of my discovery, since which, for some reason, I had no doubt of the guilt of Amos, but I spoke not of it to any one and the secret worried me.

Next morning on my way to school I passed a scene more strange and memorable than any in my long experience. I saw the shabby figure of old Benjamin Grinshaw walking in the side path. His hands were in his pockets, his eyes bent upon the ground, his lips moving as if he were in deep thought. Roving Kate, the elegant silent woman who, for the first time of Amos had drawn her from the shadow of which she now upon him, walked slowly behind the money-bender pointing at him, pointing at him with her heavy forefinger. Her stern eyes watched him as the eye-witness when his罪 is near it. She did not notice me. Silently, her feet wrapped in rags, she walked behind the man, always pointing at him. When he stopped she stopped. When he resumed his slow progress she followed. It frightened me partly because I began to believe in the weird, mysterious power of the Silent Woman. I had twenty minutes to spare and so I turned into the main street behind and close by them. I saw him stop and buy some crackers and an apple and a piece of bread. Meanwhile she stood waiting at the side of the street in front of the store she followed as before. How fatigued she followed!

"Why does she follow him that way?" I asked the storekeeper when they were gone.

"Oh, I dunno, boy," he answered. "She's crazy, I guess she dunno what she's doing."

My question did not satisfy me. I now, on thought I knew, better than the meaning of that look in her eyes. I had seen it before.

I started for the big school house and a number of boys joined me with pleasant words:

"I saw you lookin' at ol' Kate," one of them said to me. "Don't ye ever make fun of her. She's got the eye an' if she puts it on ye, why ye'll be downed or fall off a high place or somethin'."

"Sally run past me with that low-voiced Will Wright, who carried her books for her. His father had gone into the grocery business and Henry's wife bought clothes and couldn't tell where she got the money."

She was angry and decided not to speak to her until the school to me. I got along better in school, although there was some tittering when I recited, probably because I had a broader dialect and bigger books than the boys of the village."

"Heal Skin Diseases

It is unnecessary for you to suffer with eczema, blisters, ringworm, rashes and similar skin troubles. A little zemo, obtained at any drug store for 35c or \$1.00 for extra large bottle, and promptly applied will usually give instant relief from itching torture. It cleanses and soothes the skin and heals quickly and effectively most skin diseases.

Zemo is a wonderful, penetrating, disappearing liquid and is soothing to the most delicate skin. It is not greasy, is easily applied and costs little. Get it today and save all further distress.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Peoples Drug Co.
Say

After each meal—YOU eat one
EATONIC

(FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE)
and get full food value and real stomach comfort. Instantly relieves heartburn, bloated, gassy feeling. STOPS acidity, food repeating and stomach misery. AIDS digestion; keeps the stomach sweet and pure.

EATONIC is the best remedy and only cost cent or two a day to use it. You will be delighted with results. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Please call and try it.

Use the classified ads if you have anything to sell; they will surely sell it for you.

CHAPTER X.

I Meet President Van Buren and Am Gross-examined by Mr. Grinshaw. The days went easier after that. The boys took me into their play and some of them were most friendly. I had a swift foot and a good eye, as well as a strong arm and could hold my own at cards—kind of a game which we played in the school yard. Saturday came. As we were sitting down at the table that morning the younger children clung to the knees of Mr. Hackett and begged him to take them up the river in a boat.

"Good Lord! What will you give when you're all right?" he exclaimed with his arms around them. "That's the question of Abraham, and it often comes to me. Of course we shall go. But hark! Let us hear what the green chair has to say."

There was a moment of silence and then he went on with a smile. "Right ye are, Michael Henry! You are a good boy, my boy—God bless you, small. We shall take Bart with us in our doughtnuts an' cheese an' cooking an' dried meat for all."

From that moment I date the beginning of my love for the occupant of the green chair in the home of Michael Hackett. The people were "athath" and I, a Protestant at all events. Michael Henry always insisted upon the most delicate consideration for my faith and feelings.

"I promised to spend the morning in the field with Mr. Wright, if I may have your consent, sir," I said.

"Then we shall consult ourselves, knowing that you are in better company," said Mr. Hackett.

Mr. Dunkelberg called at the house in Asher's lane to see me after breakfast.

"Bart, if you will come with me I should like to order some store clothes and boots for you," he said in his squeaky voice.

For a moment I knew not how to answer him. Notified as I had been by Sims' treatment of me, the offer was like the rubbing ashes on the soreness of my spirit.

I blushed and surveyed my garments and said:

"I guess I look pretty badly, don't I?"

"You look all right, but I thought you would feel better in a garment, especially if you care to go around now with the young people," said the old friend of the family and I guess it would be proper for me to buy the clothes for you. When you are older you can buy a suit for me something, if you care to."

It should be understood that well-to-do people in the towns were more particular about their dress those days than now.

"I'll ask my aunt and uncle about it," I promised.

"That's all right," he answered. "I'm going to drive up to your house this afternoon and your uncle wishes you to go with me. We are all to have a talk with Mr. Grinshaw."

He left me and I went over to Mr. Wright's.

They told me that he was cutting corn in the back lot where I found him.

"How do I look in these clothes?" I bravely asked.

"Take the son of a father up in the hills and that's just as you ought to look," he answered.

In a moment he added as he reaped a hill of corn with his sickle: "I suppose they are making fun of your partner."

"Sons," I answered, blushing.

"Don't mind that," he advised, and then quoted the stanza:

"Were I tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean in a span,
I'd still be measured by my soul;
The mind's the master of the man."

Mr. Dunkelberg came this morning and wanted to buy me some new clothes and boots," I said.

The Senator stopped work and stood looking at me with his hands upon his hips.

"I wouldn't let that do it if I were you," he said thoughtfully.

Just then a young man came running toward us in the distant field.

Mr. Wright took out his compass.

"Look here," he said, "you see the needle points due north."

He took a loadstone out of his pocket and holding it near the compass moved it back and forth. The needle then came up to us breathing deeply. Perspiration was rolling off his face. He was much excited and spoke with some difficulty.

"Senator Wright," he gasped. "Mrs. Wright told me to come down and tell you that President Van Buren is at the house."

I remember vividly the look of mild amusement in the Senator's face and the serene calmness with which he looked at the young man and said to him:

"Tell Mrs. Wright to make him comfortable in our easiest chair and to say to the President that I shall be up directly."

To my utter surprise he resumed his talk with me as the young man was away.

"You see all ways are north when you put this loadstone near the needle," he went on. "It is to tell you the truth you must keep the loadstone away from the needle. It's that way too, with the compass of your soul, partner. There the loadstone is selfishness, and with its help you can make a long look right to you—soon you're lost."

He put his hand on my arm and said in a low tone which made me to understand that it was for my ear only:

"What I fear is that they may try to tamper with your compass. Look out for lodestones."

He was near the end of a row and went on with his reaping as he said: "I could take my body off this row any minute, but the only way to get my mind off is to go to the end."

He bound the last bundle and then we walked together toward the house, the Senator carrying his sickle.

"I shall introduce you to the President," he said as we neared our destination. "Then perhaps you had better leave."

At home we had read much about the new President and regarded him with deep veneration. In general I

knew the grounds of it—his fight against the banks for using public funds for selfish purposes and "swelling marshals for militia" with the government, his aim at it by seeking to turn the same in cheapened paper money; his long battle for the extension of the right of suffrage in our state; his fiery eloquence in debate. Often I heard Uncle Peabody say that Van Buren had made it possible for a poor man to vote in York State and hold up his head like a man. So I was deeply moved by the presence of Senator.

I could not remember that I had ever been "introduced" to anybody. I knew that people put their wits on exhibition and often flung down a "snag" by way of demonstrating their fitness for the honor when they were introduced in books. I remember asking very timidly:

"What shall I say when—when you introduce me?"

"Oh, say anything you want to say," he answered with a look of amusement.

"I'm kind o' scared," I said.

"You needn't be—he was once a poor boy just like you."

"Just like me!" I repeated, thoughtfully, for while I had heard a good deal of that kind of thing in our home, it had not, somehow, got under my jacket as well as to say "just like you"—cowhide and all—the son of a small freeholder in Kinderhook on the Hudson," he went on. "But he was well fed in brain and body and kept his heart clean. So, of course, he grew and is still growing. That's a curious thing about men and women, Bart. If they are in good ground and properly cared for they never stop growing—neither is that a pretty full word—neither is that?"

I felt its fullness, but the Senator had a way of stopping just this side of the grave in all his talks with me, and so there was no sign of preaching in any of them.

"As time goes on you'll meet a good many great men, I presume," he continued. "They're all just human beings like you and me. Most of them enjoy beefsteak and apple pie and enjoy meat."

An excited Lieutenant entered the captain's tent. "Have you got a pencil and some paper?" he hurriedly asked.

"Will a newspaper do?" asked the amused captain.

"Yes, it's for the aviators," reported the underofficer.

An American hero who had killed a dozen Germans or so was pointed out on a young French girl. She rushed up to him and said, "Let me kiss the hand that killed those Germans." "You surely are a chump," said his partner, "why didn't you tell her you bit them to death?"

Dinner Stories

The well-known Mrs. Jones was on her first ocean voyage.

"What's that down there?" she asked the captain.



"The steerage, madam," he replied.

"Really?" exclaimed the woman in surprise. "Does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"

A well-known army officer tells this one on himself. He was sent to a camp to a place where there should have been a sentry. He could see none there so looked around a bit. Finally he spied a soldier sitting along in a corner of the fence playing solitaire.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked impressively.

"No," said the soldier, intent on his cards.

"Well," thundered the officer, "I am a sort of a brigadier general."

"All right," replied the soldier. "Wait until I finish this game and I'll give you a sort of a salute."

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daughter Virginia, of Waterloo, Iowa, who have been visiting relatives here, motored to Elgin this morning.

CAINVILLE CENTER

Miss Clifford Cortrrite was taken seriously ill Wednesday; her physician advised an operation. She is to be operated on for appendicitis. Her many friends here

Miss Doris Klusmyer left Thursday for Chicago, where she will enter a hospital for nurse training.

Miss McClay of Janesville was through here on Wednesday working upon interests of the girls club of the town. She expects to meet today with the Junior Red Cross workers of the different schools at the home of Mrs. T. H. H. Hoppe to organize.

Those that attended the diploma exercises in Janesville Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Case.

Miss Anna McGuire, Mike McGuire, Mrs. John McGuire and son Joe, Nina Worthing, Nellie Gardner, Bebbie Roberts, Anna Ross, Homer and Justin Casey and Howard Miller.

Need You Worry About This? The edges on the \$20 gold pieces wear holes in your pocket.

Read the enclosed ads.

Milton Junction

Milton Junction, June 21.—Friends here received word Thursday announcing the marriage of Winifred Bell Goodwin to Harrison Louis Gevers on Friday the fourteenth of December, 1917.

Mrs. Robert West left Thursday morning for Tennessee, where she will live near the camp where Mr. West is stationed.

Mrs. F. R. Morris spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gallagher.

Mrs. Geo. Maltipress spent Thursday with Miss Susan M

Wrecks of Men and Women Sent Home to France By the Germans

Even Little Children Who Arrive at Evian-les-Bains Are Living Horrors—How One Young Mother, Fighting Bravely for Her Honor, Was Finally Made Victim of Her Captors' Lust.

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER IN FRANCE
BY Rheta Childe Dorr

XI.

Evian-les-Bains is a charming little French town situated near the Swiss frontier. Before the war Evian was a health resort, rivaling Aix-les-Bains, famous in its stimulating climate and its rich medical baths. It is a place where the rich and the comfortably circumstanced of almost every country in Europe went to regain lost health. Now it is a place where some of the most unattractive people in the world may be seen. For Asia is the place where Germany returns to practice those fiendish arts, women and children who are no longer of any use as prisoners and slaves.

They are mostly the people who were taken in the first victorious rush of the Germans in 1914. As long as they could work, or by threats and cruelty could be induced to try to work, the Germans used them in their factories. When, through starvation, exhaustion and disease, they became useless to their task-masters, they were returned to France.

I do not know at what rate these victims of Germany's ambition and lust for world power are now coming back, but last autumn and winter, when the migration was at its height, the repatriates were being received and cared for at the rate of five hundred to one thousand a day. They came through Switzerland, a three-day's journey, in rough box cars often without food or water, and were nearly always, when arrived, in a condition bordering on collapse.

Victims Alike in Recks
I want to tell about some of those French repatriates. I shall not exaggerate or embroider the tale. It hurts cruelty to remember those poor people. It hurts to write about them. But I want our people to know that next time they sit in a meeting where disloyal and called realists warble the phrases about the struggle being a "profitless" war, about peace by negotiation, and the rest of it, perhaps they will agree with me in advocating for every one of these phrase makers and professional pacifists, person or a detention camp, at least, for the duration of the war.

The French government created a commission to handle that stream of human derelicts which Germany sent back through Switzerland. The people of Evian lent whole-hearted aid to the commission, and all efforts have been splendidly augmented by the American Red Cross.

When the trains came in at the receiving station at Evian, there were always a certain number of returned prisoners who had to be taken immediately to the hospital. They were in advanced stages of tuberculosis; they were suffering from anemia and starvation, and from all the diseases of neglect. Women of all, many women and children were found suffering from diseases of vice and crime.

MOST ARE CHILDREN

All these sick ones go to hospitals. The American Red Cross established a children's hospital at Evian since nearly 60 percent of the repatriates are children. Next, nearly all of them need hospital care. The French have their local hospitals, and also what they call houses of repose, where those of their countrymen not actually sick, but extremely exhausted are cared for and put into condition to travel farther.

The emaciated, hollow-eyed and weary remnant who could walk for miles or were taken to the old casino, where wealth and fashion used to gather for bridge and expensive food and drinks. There the mayor of Evian made a touching speech welcoming the people back to their native land, comforting and cheering them as well as he could. Then they sat down to the first good meal they had eaten since the war, for years. But first the "Marseillaise" was sung.

The day of glory has dawned."

Who could listen without deep stirring of emotion, to men and women just released from prison houses of pain and horror singing those words? I cannot imagine how they found voices to sing. They could hardly speak. They just stood there, dumb and broken, their sad eyes streaming with tears. Even freedom and the sound of their beloved French language could not wipe out their terrible memories.

TALES OF UTTER HORROR

Some of the repatriates are met at Evian by friends and relatives. Some are cured by the French government, sent to towns and villages well away from the war zone. Charly and the Red Cross have done stupendous work for all refugees, but their problems are often almost insuperable. Hardly a man among them is fit for the field, as for the moment, the plight of many of them is pitiful.

The individual stories of some of these women I heard from the lips of women known throughout France for her devoted labors in behalf of the victims of German soldiers in the invaded district.

This noble Frenchwoman bears the name of Avril St. Croix. I mention it not because she would particularly interest me, but because she is so, but because she is known to a great many American women. Madame Avril St. Croix is president of the French National Council of Women, and as a prominent suffragist has attended a number of the International Association of Women. Madame Avril St. Croix is a woman of great energy and influence. She is the managing director of the

To this house was brought, about a year ago, a woman who, at the beginning of the war, lived with her husband and five children in one of the French cities taken by the Germans. They did not destroy this city but occupied it and made it a division headquarters.

Madame Doran we will call her, because it is not her name, lost her husband's protection and a good deal of her income at the mobilization. The husband joined the colors, and a wife and five small children made a home in two small rooms of a tenement. The whole town was filled with German soldiers, and Madame Doran had a man billeted on her. She moved her family into one room and gave the other to the soldiers.

For the first these soldiers tried to abduct the poor woman. She successfully resisted them. They moved on and two more soldiers attempted to get into her room. They in turn attempted the degradation of this decent wife and mother. She resisted these men also.

Victim of Brutality

For a week and a half she lived with her children in that room, separated from the front line, when sometimes by a thin wall from justly brutal Germans whose orders were that the German soul must be set upon the enemy's country. In other words, they had orders to destroy as many

Notes on Red Cross Work

lives and as much virtue of women as they possibly could.

Successive German soldiers, this brave and virtuous woman continued to resist. Finally, after six days and a half of torture, disease and continual torture, the soldiers then in her home went to their officers and reported her as a "quarrelsome, contentious woman, one who made a practice of insulting German soldiers. Those un-speakable cowards and brutes did this thing for revenge."

The authorities descended upon the woman and her children away from her by force, sent them to German institutions and sent her to work in a German-conquered mine in northern France. There the ultimate misery became hers. Her husband gone, her children torn from her, her home taken away, placed at degradation, her spirit broken, she a prey to German lust at last.

Only by yielding to the soldiers guarding the mine workers, could she buy herself the least privilege. Only by becoming worse than a slave could she obtain the slightest respite from slavery.

She fell. For about a year she was taken from one to another of that Huns' hands. Inevitably she became in time a menace to health, and then the Huns in Berlin ordered her deported. She was sent back through Switzerland to Evian with a card sewed to her rags a card describing her as a syphilitic prostitute.

Red Cross Touched Up.

She was too crushed with suffering to make excuses for herself or to tell her story. There was nothing for the French government to do except to send her to a hospital near Paris, where such outcasts go to die. But Madame Doran did not die. She proved under torture, and for days, that she was innocent.

One day Madame Avril St. Croix came to the hospital. Her anger, pity and charity extended to the lowest outcasts among women and she looks for possible curables among them everywhere. Attracted by the physical beauty of this victim, for still she retained some of her youthful loveliness, Madame St. Croix spoke to her, and finally drew from her the terrible tale of her martyrdom.

At once Madame St. Croix arranged for her removal to the house in Paris. There the best medical treatment, good nursing and kindness worked miracles. Madame Doran was seen on the road to partially restored life and health.

Meanwhile, Madame St. Croix had sought and found the soldier husband. She told him what had befallen the wife and children. He wept with horror, then he wiped his head on the table beside him, and wept until his sleeves were drenched with tears. His bitter grief spent, he raised his head and said:

"Madame, whatever my poor wife's condition, I can have no reproaches for her. I can remember our wife was she was to me in the past, true and good wife. I loved her then and I love her now. Give her back to me, and for the rest of her life I will atone to her for what she has suffered."

One Boy Murdered

This great-hearted French soldier had been wounded and was now hospitalized in a hospital in Paris. He would make a home for his wife and Madame St. Croix helped them establish themselves anew. Then she began a long search for the children. She wrote to the King of Spain, who is her friend, and when the war began, often used his influence with the German Kaiser to find her and imprisoned French and Belgians. The children of these poor parents were restored to their bruised hearts.

Four of the five children were restored to them. The oldest boy, when the Germans broke up their home, resisted the soldiers sent to take them away. He was only a child. He did not realize the invincible might of Germany and he protested with all his young might. A German soldier kicked him, breaking his back. He died, slowly and in great agony.

Brodhead News

Brodhead, June 20.—Members of Pearl Lodge, No. 84, K. of P. held a session last evening which was in the nature of a reception for Dr. J. Sutherland, a brother Knight, who leaves Tuesday to join the colors.

Miss Lawton returned Wednesday evening from Sheboygan where she had been to attend the summer session of the Grand Lodge, K. of P.

Miss Nellie Halford expects to go to Madison next Monday to attend summer school at the U. W.

Children, many in classes at the M. E. Church, next Sunday morning.

Miss Rosalie Blackbourne

entertained a company of little friends at her home on Thursday afternoon.

Children's Day will be properly observed at the Evangelical church next Sunday morning at the usual hour.

Miss Marshall is as busy as ever.

Miss Latimer left Thursday morning for her home at Waukesha.

Mrs. L. A. Coffey was a visitor in Milwaukee Thursday.

Ars. George Cortelyou returned Thursday from a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. A. Smith of Madison.

The drive for the War Savings stamps begins today with some twenty men in the field. It is hoped to complete the same in the one day.

When Duty Calls.

Thus is man made equal to every event. He can face danger for the right. A poor, tender, painful body, he can run into flame or bullets or pestilence, with duty for his guide.—Emerson.

ABE MARTIN



Milton Junction

ing in hundreds and sometimes thousands of dressings every month, all beautifully made. A large box of supplies was packed and shipped from this department on Thursday.

The Knitwear Department.

This committee packed and shipped a box containing 185 sweaters on Thursday, and will pack and ship another on Friday which will complete the quota for June. Another box of 500 sweaters will be sent from this chapter for July.

Vernice Wilman is visiting relatives in Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Baker left Friday evening for a few days' visit with John Creek relatives.

Andrew Meyer is confined to his home by illness.

Miss Josephine Brown, who has been nursing a sick wife for several months, has returned home.

Marion Rose is acting as brakeman on the C. & St. P. train between Milwaukee and Madison.

The School for the Blind sent in 20 sweaters last week, that number being their quota. Lima Center, Cookville and Evansville have also sent in their quota. Edgerton's quota was 110 sweaters and with the help of her two auxiliaries, Fulton and Newville, she has sent in 162. Of these Fulton sent in 42 and Newville 4 making a total of 148 for Edgerton. Avalon has sent in 22 sweaters. It is an inspiring sight to see a large box packed with these warm garments, representing so many patient hours of work by woman-kind. They are counted and tied in packages of five each marked with label, and packed into the box, of standard size. The value of the warm-knitted would be nearly \$400, worth but the patriotic fervor which was emitted into the handiwork, could not be measured, by a mere calculation of dollars and cents.

Optimistic Thought.

A man may joyfully revolt from an unjust ruler.

Hospital Supplies Department.

The quota for this committee has been received and it is given out for the months of July and August. It includes 48 French convalescent suits (lined with white outing flannel) \$41 each, summer pajamas, and 208 suits of American pajamas. This quota is to be apportioned in the making including the auxiliaries, as well as the local workshop. The auxiliaries of Evansville, Edgerton, Oxfordville, Milton and Wilson Junction, Rock Prairie and Johnson, La Prairie, Avalon, Lima Center, Hanover and Footville, Fulton, Fulton Center and Newville are auxiliaries of Edgerton, while Cooksville and Magnolia are auxiliaries of Evansville. Hanover is really an auxiliary of Oxfordville although she supports herself.

For some time now has come in from the different auxiliaries, accepting the apportionment cheerfully and in true military spirit. They as well as the workers in the local chapter, feel that those planning the work are in a position to know what is best for the moment for the best interests of the organization, and that they are ready to do what is asked of them.

In view of the fact that outstanding work has been left over from the last quota, a request is made that all such be finished up and turned in as soon as possible, before the new quota is begun.

Faithful work is being done all the time, every church in the city having its group of working units accomplish their share. The workshop in the City Hall has been filled to capacity on Tuesday and Wednesday this last week, and on Thursday the official group of workers from the State Study class about 25 in number were busy at the room.

Refugee Government Department.

This committee has received word that its quota for the next month will be 208 women's petticoats made from dark outing flannel will be needed to make the allotment, and the amount has been asked for, from here. It is felt that this allotment plan is a business-like and an accomplish- ing method. That is the plan of making a definite number of garments, one or two kinds, means more efficient work, and less scattering of energies, than the former method of making a few things of several kinds. It is felt that those officials at headquarters who are in touch with the situation, and know what is needed, more fully than those in other places.

The class of young girls of high school age which has been meeting at the workshop on Saturday mornings will meet during vacation on Wednesday mornings. They have been making pinwafers recently and the work they are turning out is credit to professional seamstresses. And not only in the fine quality of work done, has their record been so excellent, but as one of their instructors has said of them, "It has been a perfect joy of teaching them." For the summer months, Miss Joanna Hayes and Doris Amerson, will have charge of their work.

Donations in this department have been received from Mrs. Geo. Thomas from Milton Junction, from Oxfordville, and La Prairie.

Surgical Dressing Committee.

This department has been working on its fine June quota and expects to finish it on time. The work of making the tampons has been done almost entirely in the evening class of girls whose feet fingers, seem to be especially adapted to this work.

The divans and pads have been made by the afternoon classes. The gauze for the quota has been estimated and has been sent promptly when desired.

The cotton, being made by a local firm, which is of course secured here. The enthusiasm in the work keeps up and the workers are most faithful. Milton has begun work on surgical dressings, and Evansville and Edgerton are send-

Soothe Itching with Cuticura.

Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water and follow with a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. The mission of Cuticura is not only to soothe and heal but to prevent skin troubles by keeping the pores free from impurities by daily use in the toilet.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: Cuticura, Dept. ST. Boston, Mass. Ointment 25c and 50c.

Oxfordville News

Oxfordville, Wis., June 21.—On Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., Taylor was returning from a dinner accompanied by two young girls, when he came across Hofsmiller, when coming down the hill east of Oscar Eldahl's in the town of Plymouth. He was in command of the car and passenger, and lost control of the car with the result that the car and passengers plunged into the ditch and were thrown out of the car. Taylor sustained a bruised face, and both the other two passengers escaped injury. The car was slightly damaged, but all consider themselves fortunate with the outcome.

War Stamp Meetings were held at the Beck and Evans school houses in the town of Spring Valley on the evening of June 19. People present at both meetings responded liberally and a generous supply of stamp purchases were made.

Mettie, Weilby and husband, Mr. and Mrs. C. Stoney and family, spent the week end at their cottage, Delavan Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Thomas and family were guests of her mother, Mrs. Agnes Scott for the week end.

Prof. A. F. Boynton of the Kansas State University is at the home of his parents for his summer vacation.

The R. N. A. will meet with Mrs. Gilbert Larson July 2nd instead of July 3rd.

WARRANTY DEED.

Jane Shaw to Mary J. Hall, lot 3, pt. lot. 12, blk. 1, Peet & Salmon's.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. Stoney and family

THE BIG JOLT

By A. M. CRAWFORD.

For three months he had lived at his club and had stayed away from every place where he was likely to encounter his wife. He had ended the last argument about taking his young stenographer to lunch, to dinner and to places of amusement by telling his wife that he wanted an excuse to get a divorce.

They were wholly unsuited to each other so why be miltioned around each other's necks? She was young, pretty, too, and he would see to it that she drew sufficient alimony to insure her every luxury. As for himself—he was a man of the world and could not, would not tolerate bonds that made him accountable to any woman for what he did.

If he chose to take a pretty girl to lunch, there was no harm in it. He had always been true to his marriage vows, he had told his wife stiffly.

He had deposited money in the bank regularly for her sustenance. Now he had arrived at his lawyer's office to inquire about the divorce proceedings. The attorney informed him that his wife had not drawn a penny from the bank.

"How did she live, then?" David brought himself up with a jerk.

"She has been Dan Goldman's secretary ever since the day after you left her."

"And the boy?" His voice was low with suppressed emotion.

"Old Sue, the only servant she could afford to keep, is taking care of him. They are living in two rooms, far out where the rent is cheap and the boy has a chance to get out in the sunshine every day. See here," said Steele, leaning forward, "there was another woman, wasn't there? Well, what's become of her?"

From somewhere down below came the excited voices of children playing in the sunny streets. The balmy breath of an awakened earth stole in like a quiet, soothing incense.

"There never was any other woman," said David Bryson slowly. "I took my stenographer out a few times, do bad taste, but lots of men do those things—and Kate heard of it and asked me not to do it again. I said that no woman could dictate terms to me—we never quarreled. Kate was too fine for that sort of thing—so I left in a fit of passion, as you know."

He turned to look the lawyer in the face. "I let that stenographer go on the first excuse I could find and I hope that I never see her face again! Kate working in old Dan Goldman's office! Why didn't somebody tell me before?"

"Why," demanded John Steele sharply, "do men want to make tools of themselves for a bit of flattery? A man likes to think that he is a regular devil with women and always he has a jolt coming to him like you are getting right now. If I were in your place, I would give Kate a chance to be free, to be courted, to be loved as she so richly deserves."

David Bryson stood up suddenly and like a drunken man, stumbled into a little writing room. He dropped heavily into a chair and seized paper and pen in his shaking hands. His wife's face seemed to smile at him from the white paper. It was no time for idle fancies. He shook himself and rubbed his eyes. What would he say to her, to Kate? She would love him always, always. He was sure of that. Then he began to wonder. She had refused his help. She had never lifted a hand to call him back to her. Most women would have found out he had been bluffing about his stenographer and would have sent for him on some flimsy pretext. What would he do? He leaned his head on his hands. Then a ghost of long ago spread a magic tapestry before his tired eyes.

He was once more in that little blue room at home and it was quite dark save for the single light lamp that burned on a low table beside the bed. Again the agony of young fatherhood laid his gripping hand upon his heart and his eyelids burned with tears, manfully restrained. His mind groped for words to tell the sweet young girl wife how much he loved her as she lay there, white and spent from the birth pangs of his tiny son. "I love you," was all that he could say. "Oh, my dear, I love you so." "And our son," she had added weakly. He knelt down by the bed and laid his head lightly against her full breast. He felt her soft fingers straying over his hair. "And I love you," she had whispered, "oh, my dear, you know now, how very, very much."

Something warm like rain fell on his cheeks. He put up his hand absently, and, unashamed, wiped the tears away. He reached for a fresh sheet of paper. He wrote something on it, and slipped it into an envelope. He slid one of the club servants and dispatched it.

The note was addressed to his wife, at Dan Goldman's office, and it carried a simple message: "I love you more than life itself, Kate, dear. Will you forgive me and let me come for you and the boy right away, so that we can get home in time to watch the sun dip down below the garden and hear the white throats hushing a clambering brood in the blossoming pear tree under our window? Answer by phone at my club! Will be waiting hopefully. With all my heart, I love you and our son, David."

And Probably Spoke Truth. Millie—"Men are more concited than women." Billy—"Nonsense! Every man, at some time in his life has told some woman he wasn't worthy of her."—Judge.

Lost and found articles quickly and their owner by use of a little classified ad.

UNIFORMS FOR WOMEN! BUT WAR WORK, NOT DRESS REFORMERS, SETS FASHION



Left to right: Mrs. John P. Mitchell, wife of ex-mayor of New York city, in her Red Cross uniform. Miss Margery Kay of Detroit, in ambulance driver's uniform; Sergeant Elsie Owen in official uniform of the Red Cross women's radio corps. The other pictures show the uniforms of the Red Cross motor corps and the signal corps of the women's league for national defence.

Uniforms for women is the fashion note of 1918. What dress reformers have vainly tried to thrust upon women of other years women of this war year are making every effort to adopt. For the American Red Cross has made the uniform for American women a robe of honor, not to be donned lightly. The woman who wants to wear a uniform must earn her right to it as well as the men must earn the right to wear the khaki. Those women in actual service "over there" may wear uniforms like those of the ambulance drivers and members of the motor corps pictured.

BATTLE FORMATION FOR THE FIGHT IN CLOUDS: U. S. AIRPLANES READY TO TACKLE GERMAN RAIDERS



This remarkable official photograph shows sixteen American airplanes flying high in battle formation at Rockwell field, San Diego, Cal. As soon as the sixteen-aerial defense stations, recommended by War Secretary Baker, are constructed it will be possible to form one of these flying squadrons at any of the stations to battle the Hun airmen, should they attempt a raid along the coast.

Honey of the Bible.

It is interesting to note that the wild honey named in the Bible may not have been altogether the stores packed away by the bees in the hollows of trees and between the rocks. There is a clear, sweet liquid called honey dew found frequently on leaves and comes from the aphids, the tiny "cows" cared for and "milked" by the ants for their saccharine substance. There was so much of it on the leaves of the trees in oriental climates that it dripped down in considerable quantities to the ground. This must have been the kind named in the book of Samuel where it says: "And all the land came to a wood and there was honey upon the ground. And when the people were come into the wood behind the honey dropped."

History of the Sword.

The sword came from ancient Egypt and was used through Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor, India and throughout the western world. It was in Egypt that the three shapes of the sword blade originated, these being the straight, the curved and the half curved. The Roman sword was larger than that of the Greeks and in the days of the empire many of the sheaths were so covered with precious stones as to be veritable art treasures. Among the Moslems the highest title given to a warrior of renown is "the sword of Allah." The Chinese made swords of iron as early as 1379 B. C.

Had Good Reason.

Mother—Why, Bobby, you don't generally keep on crying like this after your father has given you a spanking.

Bobby—I—I know it, ma; but he says I've got to sit down and think it over, and—and before I've always stood up and forgot it.—Boston Transcript.

Strength in Love.

"Love is the first cable of the suspension bridge that is thrown across the gap between two souls. If this is strong and true you can hang any number of faults on it without it giving way."—George Eliot.

DO NOT APPEAL TO VISITOR

Writer Frankly Expresses Feeling of Disappointment at Sight of Buildings Within Kremlin Walls.

To me none of the ten churches within the Kremlin walls is impressive. Ivan Veliki towers the highest, but it is far from imposing, writes Maynard Owen Williams in the Christian Herald. From one side it resembles a tower rather than a church, yet it has no such quiet dignity as one finds in the Kutah Minar, near Delhi, or the towering dome of St. Sophia with its flanking needle minarets. The other cathedrals are dropped around with careless abandon and a nice disregard for the cost of gold leaf, but none of them dominates a vista or gathers about itself the other masses in pleasing array. The Kremlin is a mighty whole, composed of many unimposing parts. Its long red walls and splendid gates produce an effect of simple strength which cannot be found within their portals.

The interiors are as disappointing as are the groups of domes which distinguish the exteriors. None is large, none is truly intimate. The effect is of surplus gilt and multiplicity of saints which remind one of the poperams of India. Spindly-shanked saints, whose emaciated figures seem too weak to support their gilt haloes, alternate with knights in armor.

Good Nature's Limitations. "A good-natured man," said Uncle Eben, "ain't allus to be relied on to take an interest in other folks' troubles. If he was he couldn't keep 'em good natured."

Tragic Fate of Queens. France had had seventy-seven queens. Eleven were divorced; two legally put to death; nine died young; seven were widowed early; three cruelly treated; three exiled. Most of the rest were either poisoned or died broken-hearted.

Qualities That Deserve Reward. The generous who is always just, and the just who is always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of heaven.—Levater.

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This new serial by Zoe Beckley is of timely interest just now, when so much attention is being given to the activities of nurses and other war workers in France.

Sally Orme, the central figure in the story, finds herself cast adrift in life through the discovery that her sweetheart since childhood does not wish to go on with their engagement. Sally determines not to let this spoil her life, and soon learns of a way by which she can forget her own troubles in helping minister to others.

All of the incidents to be developed in the story of the heroine's adventures in France will be based on actual conditions and occurrences. Women readers will not only be diverted by a really gripping story of romance, but they will also learn how other women are working for the cause of humanity "Over There."

Though Sally goes to France to forget her own love affairs, it is worth noting that she finds herself drawn into a new romance, much finer than the old one.

This series will be one of Zoe Beckley's best.

The First Installment appears in the Gazette
In An Early Issue



Keeping the Home Young

We grow to reflect our surroundings—so they tell us. And surely we can't expect to keep young in a house that has become moss-grown, with scarcely a modern thing added from year to year.

If you are out of touch with furniture progress, yet would like to bring fresh newness into your home, consult with us. We will gladly make suggestions for furnishing a single room or an entire house in correct fashion.

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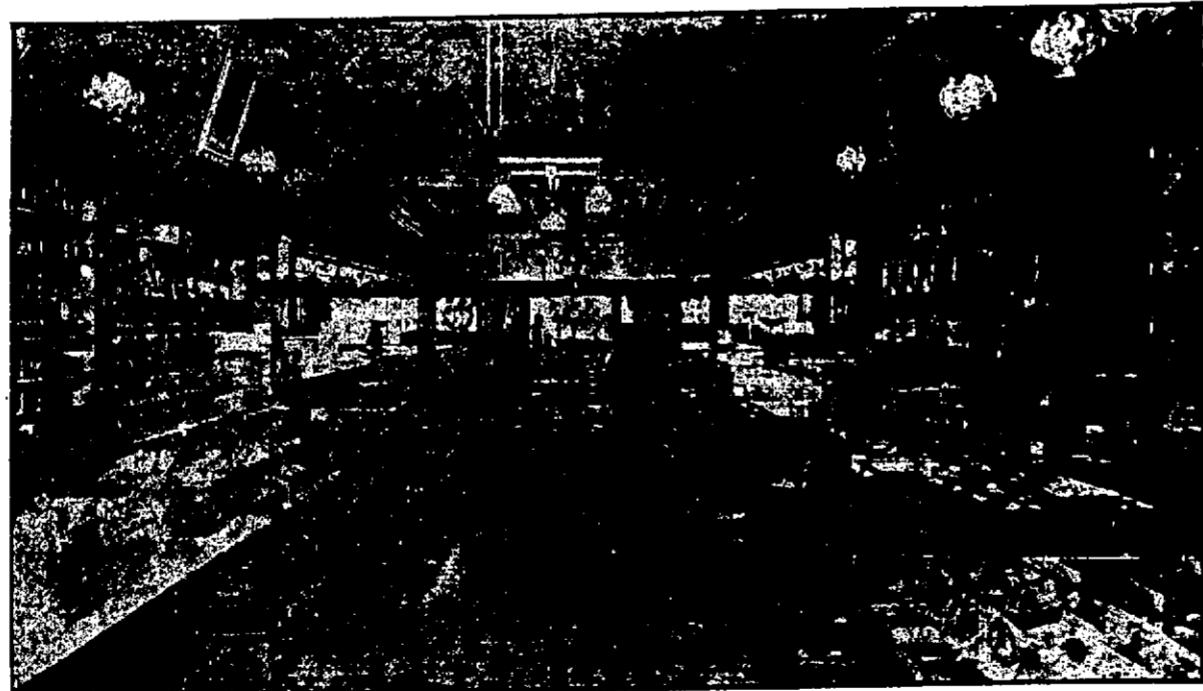
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